

PREDATORS

A HARD DICK IS A BLUNT INSTRUMENT.



And you're going to die a lot sooner than you'd been planning. It was bad enough that he pissed on a sock and stuffed it in your mouth. And that he stole your wedding ring and your bronzed souvenir baby shoes. No, this was a lot worse, because he fucked you out of existence. His sperm dissolved your future. I'd forget about going to graduate school if I were you.

The physical trauma of rape is tiddlywinks compared to what lies ahead when your infection gets—*cough, cough*—"full-blown." Let's face it—you just won't be *you* when the lesions cover your face like pepperoni slices. Look forward to night sweats. Open sores. Skin sagging off your bones. Wheelchairs and spinal taps and chemo-nausea. Brain rot and lung cysts and foul, rust-colored vomit. You shit all over yourself. The sight goes. The hearing fades. The brain melts. But you linger like a very bad joke, swallowing more pain and indignity than you ever imagined existed.

How helpless you are. It must hurt you deeply to weigh eighty-five pounds and have clear plastic tubes jammed up every hole in your body. He really fucked you up, didn't he? I mean, I'd tell you to get over it, but it's too late for that. You're dead. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry....

Somewhere in Edward "Fast Eddie" Savitz's Philadelphia high-rise apartment—that is, somewhere beneath the pizza boxes containing human shit, the trash bags filled with turd-encrusted underwear, and the Polaroids of two-and-a-half thousand different Philly boys in various stages of undress and degradation—there were medical bills for blood tests. And the test results were clear—Savitz had been exposed to the virus which causes AIDS. Savitz knew it. And he kept the boys comin'.

If you were a teenaged Philadelphia male who lived in the honky slum called Grays Ferry, you most likely knew about Fast Eddie. He was a virtual ATM machine for cash-starved young men in the City of Brotherly Love. If it was Friday night and you were a few bucks short of that six-pack or dime bag, all it took was a call to Eddie. He usually paid five bucks for your dirty socks. Ten for your shit-stained underwear. Fifteen if you'd let him blow you. When you referred a new client to him, you got a twenty spot. Payment for other acts—such as stuffing shit into Eddie's mouth, slamming a door on his dick, or letting him fuck you in your shit-smearred ass—was negotiable.

AIDS TERRORISTS

I think he should die now. He took my life away from me for no reason. I'll probably die within a year, and I'll never get married, and I'll never be able to have children, and I'll never be a doctor.

—Woman infected with HIV by Detroit burglar/rapist
Dwayne Lamont Peterson

They gave it to me. I'm going to give it back to them.

—"Uncle" Adam Brown, HIV-positive
Marine/Satanist/child molester

You were so careful to practice safe sex. But how do you practice safe rape? It was a dry fuck. Happened so fast, you didn't even have time to get wet. He shoved it in, anyway. Bloody dick, torn vaginal lining. But that wasn't just some ordinary wad he shot inside you. No, that opalescent blob of white glue carried a little something extra, and at no additional charge. Somewhere amid all the blood and sperm and mucus and ripped membrane, there was a heapin' helpin' of human immunodeficiency virus. It's already snuggling inside your bloodstream. Your heart pumps death into every cell. Infection is irreversible. No way to get it out. You can't drink enough bleach to kill it.

AIDS sucked the life out of Eddie Savitz shortly after his arrest in 1992. To this date, no one has proven that he infected any of his shit-suppliers. But the sheer magnitude of his business roster doesn't make it out of the question. It was known that Savitz had been exchanging cash for turds-'n'-sex since at least 1979. On an average day, he received a hundred and twenty phone calls, most of them from his fecal confreres. *Three hundred and twelve* plastic bags filled with poop and poop-stained laundry were recovered from his apartment and various storage rooms he had rented. One of Eddie's boys claimed to have indulged in actual fluid-swapping sex with Savitz at least seventy times. Extrapolating physical evidence with personal testimony, some have estimated that at least ten thousand customers passed through Eddie's shit-stained portals. It isn't unreasonable to assume that somewhere in Philly, a young man rots away in his bedroom, a dried-out fruit-gourd infected by Fast Eddie's shit-streaked Dick of Death.

Savitz knew he had AIDS. The question is sticky: Was he malicious...or merely horny? And which is more disturbing? Is it worse to die because you were hated...or simply used? Recently in California, an AIDS-carrier named Frank Bridges raped his new stepdaughter during his own wedding reception and infected her with HIV. When the girl starts developing purple blotches all over her face, will it soothe her to know that her new stepdad only wanted to get his rocks off? What about the twenty-five-year-old Detroit woman who lost her virginity but gained a death sentence via the AIDS-dripping cock of Dwayne Lamont Peterson? Will it flatter her to know that Peterson was primarily a burglar who only raped women that he found attractive?

With Adam Brown, a repressed Christian homosexual from Roseburg, Oregon, you didn't have to wonder about motive. He intended harm. A positive AIDS diagnosis was the only excuse he needed. Before separating from his wife, he told her he was gay. And that he liked to fuck little boys. And that he was going to die from AIDS. And that he wanted revenge. Nude and drunk, he once cut his chest open and proclaimed to his spouse that he had sold his soul to Satan.

After his wife left him, Brown began preying on Roseburg's children in earnest. Over the summer of 1992, he was believed to have fondled or fucked at least nine kiddies he'd lured to his home. There were tales of liquor, dope, and porno tapes. Of oral and anal sex. One kid claimed that "Uncle Adam" torched a Bible and threatened that Satan would harm little children who didn't bend to his wishes. Most perturbing to residents of the tiny loggin' town was the story of the five-year-old boy who had a scratch on his arm. According to the boy, Brown took a handful of "the white stuff that came from his weenie" and rubbed it deep into his scratch. Brown, who was sentenced to sixteen years, will die in jail. The children of Roseburg keep getting tested for AIDS and blow out birthday candles hoping that they'll outlast Uncle Adam.

To me, the existence of an Adam Brown isn't nearly as surprising as the fact that there aren't more people like him. I've often wondered why any AIDS-carrier would worry about decency and propriety. If my life was rapidly shrinking away, I certainly wouldn't care about the sanctity of anyone else's. I'd want to take some people down with me. Sort of like the eighteen HIV-positive boy prostitutes in London who in 1986 were identified by government authorities as intentionally infecting their tricks. The boys explained that they were trying to get revenge for their lost, bruised childhoods. If I knew I was going to die soon, I'd make some grand gesture along the lines of what Terry Boatwright did. In 1992, the AIDS-infected Florida parolee kidnapped his former girlfriend, raped her, and used a syringe to inject her with his blood. Before shooting himself, Boatwright told his girlfriend he wanted her to know how it felt to live with an incurable illness.

You contracted AIDS when you were raped. That's a gift that keeps on giving. Revenge is impossible. It's all downhill from here. You could shoot yourself and get it over with. You could hunt down the rapist and shoot him. Or you could just walk outside right now and shoot the first ten people you see. But you won't shoot anybody. You just swallow the bitter medicine as you wither amid the shadows. I'll never understand you. ■

JUVENILE OFFENDERS

No one will ever know the depth of pain I personally experienced when I saw the bruised welts and flesh wounds covering my sons' buttocks, thighs, and arms and felt the egg-sized knot on my son's head and heard how his body went stiff after the blow and he could not move. No one can know the ripping of my heart when I saw the pain on my eldest son's face and heard his voice crumble as he relived in his mind the sexual assault and rape.

—Mother of two Michigan boys beaten and raped by two brothers, ages fourteen and ten

He was the perfect child, and now he's a little terrorist.

—Mother of "Martin" (a pseudonym), a nine-year-old Washington-state boy suspected of raping eight little girls and boys at knife-point

I did kill him....What about his mum? Will you tell her I'm sorry?

—Jon Venables, age ten, who along with ten-year-old Robert Thompson sexually assaulted and murdered two-year-old James Bulger

I don't know why I did it.

—Lloyd J. Edwards, nine, when asked in 1945 to explain why he bashed in a three-year-old girl's skull with rocks after failing to complete a rape attempt



Robert Thompson: A sweet little ten-year-old boy...



Jon Venables: His sweet little ten-year-old friend...

Are children sexual beings? Let's see—what was I into when I was eleven? For starters, I wanted to fuck the green vomit out of Linda Blair's mouth. Smack myself in the face with Sally Struthers's perfectly globular tits. Suck Raquel Welch's copper-tone, pointy love-cones for about an hour-and-a-half.

I was but a boy. My crotch was still fallow ground for pubic hair. My testicles

hadn't even descended yet. But I was mesmerized by pornography. I'd seen a little of it—mostly older relatives' *Playboys*, but also a tattered, waterlogged, B/W hardcore rag a friend and I found in an abandoned house. Those stark photos of huge, bumpy-as-a-pickle cocks and dry, weedy bushes had an undeniable power. I daydreamed about the



...James Bulger: The sweet little TWO-year-old boy who was kidnapped, sexually assaulted, and beaten to death by Thompson and Venables.

unbelievably exotic pleasures which lay beyond my reach. I'd desperately scan the *Philadelphia Bulletin's* movie section, looking for the X-rated ads. And the triple-XXX ones—they were three times as fascinating. I would have killed to see those seventy-foot adult bodies cavorting up there on the screen. I even had X-rated dreams at night. Most disturbingly of all, one of them involved Barbra Streisand.

Satan and disease and death and the unmentionable. Those were my interests. At eleven years old, I told my female teacher to blow me. Out loud. In the middle of class. I told every adult I met to go fuck themselves. I thought about running away to some faraway bus terminal and trying drugs. I wanted to inhale every drug in existence. My tastes weren't bad for an eleven-year-old.

I was by no means the toughest kid in class, just the most pathologically violent. I found that I enjoyed cracking the heads of other children. His name was Vince, and he was innocently walking home from school. I tackled him around the knees, dragged him down a rocky hill, and punched his face like I was trying to push a hole through it. Vince ran away from me bleeding. I had nothing against him. But I enjoyed overpowering him. Humiliating him. And telling everyone at school what I'd done.

Other kids' parents hated me. Looked at me, shook their heads, and mumbled that I was sick. Even Potsie's mother hated me, and they were the trashiest family in school. Potsie's older brother Wally, from what I recall, was sent to prison in his late teens. Potsie eventually became a part-time member of the Warlocks biker gang and a full-time garbage man. And his mother thought I was a bad influence.

Potsie had stood there watching while I smashed Vince's jaw. We were braver in each other's presence than we were individually. We'd go to carnivals together and beat the shit out of kids we didn't like. We'd talk about sex and violence with equal enthusiasm. He told me about this girl, a friend's cousin, who was thirteen or fourteen. She'd let you take her into the woods and strip her naked and run your hands all over her. That sounded like paradise to me. I imagined this raven-haired, black-bushed Venus on a Half Shell standing perfectly still in the forest as I groped every inch of her.

We settled for an eleven-year-old girl I'll call Sabrina. Eerily, she was the younger sister of Dennis, whom you may remember from

page 74. She had the rustically lesbian looks of TV newscaster Linda Ellerbee. Potsie had been fucking her regularly and one day asked if I could cum along. Sabrina agreed. So we brought her down to the woods and took turns. Stuck my pre-pubescent cock inside her lightly tufted snatch and just lay on top of her as if she were a mattress. No cum to shoot. Too young. But yeesh, what a smell from Sabrina. Like six trout swimming in a piss-filled toilet.

Haven't seen Potsie since the late seventies. After I heard of James Bulger's murder, I thought of him for the first time in years. Bulger's killers, Robert Thompson and Jon Venables, were a pair of ten-year-old British boys who tasted the full meaning of "too much, too young." Nasty, incorrigible boys. As they formed a friendship based on mutual truancy, adult observers noted their morbid, corrupting influence on each other.

On February 12, 1993, the boys graduated to something much stronger than juvenile delinquency. At the Strand Shopping Centre in Liverpool, little Jimmy Bulger wandered away from his mother. Naturally curious and friendly, he befriended Thompson and Venables. At least twelve mall security cameras captured grainy images of the two boys dragging James Bulger away to his death, a strip of videotape which would be broadcast worldwide.

Thompson and Venables shoved, smacked, carried, and kicked Bulger along for two-and-a-half miles toward a dreary stretch of railroad tracks. Twenty-seven people reported seeing the three boys, with Bulger visibly distressed, walking the route from the mall to the railroad. One witness reported that Bulger seemed weak, as if his legs had given way beneath him. At least five separate adults tried to help, only to meet forceful resistance from Thompson and Venables, who yanked Bulger onward. *GO, you little bastard!*

The tortures lasted for an hour and fifteen minutes. They kicked him in the jaw. Removed his shoes, socks, pants, and underwear. Fiddled with his penis. Jammed batteries into his mouth and possibly up his ass. Thompson threw blue paint from a can onto Bulger's round little face. Then he hurled a brick at his head, knocking the tot to the ground. Little James struggled to his tiny feet, only to be knocked over by another brick. And another one. And a twenty-two-pound metal bar. And more rocks and bricks until James couldn't struggle anymore. Until the bricks just bounced off his small body. Until he was dead. Forty-two separate injuries sustained on a two-year-old corpse lying over a lonely rail line. Until a passing train chopped him in half.

A court found that Thompson and Venables had performed "acts of unparalleled evil and barbarity" and commanded that they be held in state custody for "very, very many years."

A preponderance of evidence pointed to the fact that Bulger had been sexually attacked. Injuries to his mouth, foreskin, and little asshole were consistent with those common in sexual abuse. Stool samples—a possible sign of anal penetration—were found on the train tracks amid the blood and rocks.

Mischief. Horseplay. Delinquency's savage rush. Studies indicate that adult sex offenders begin to cultivate their preferences at about twelve years old. FBI statistics from 1987 found that nearly half of all violent crimes in America are committed by persons aged ten to twenty-four. The warrior phase. Young, strong, and without a conscience.

Kids. What the heck's the matter with kids today? There's the thirteen-year-old male baby-sitter in Washington state who raped and beat a three-year-old girl so badly that she's permanently confined to a wheelchair. And another Washington boy, this one nine, who tore off a two-year-old's diaper and molested him at knifepoint. And a pair of seven-year-old boys at Indianapolis Public School 89 who raped a six-year-old girl in a public bathroom. Some health-care professionals have reported sexual abuse perpetrated by children as young as four.

You have to keep an eye on the little ones. Children can be so cruel. Can't cum. Can't vote. Can't drive a car. But they can rape. First haircut. First day at school. First rape. They learn young these days. ■

JOCKS

I think that if rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it.

—Indiana basketball coach Bobby Knight

It's so addictive. I often get scared. Often. It's a matter of pushing the limits. If you're doing the same thing for years and years, you get used to it and become accustomed to it, but me and my peers are always pushing the limits, going higher, faster, longer, and that's what gives you your excitement—the fear factor.

—Skateboarder Mark "Gator"

Anthony, convicted of raping and killing girlfriend Jessica Bergsten, talking about the thrill of skateboarding

Don't fight it, I'm the champ.

—Allegedly said by Mike Tyson to Desiree Washington while he was raping her

The sexual metaphors should be transparent, even to a dopey jock: Balls. Goals. Penetration. Scores. The slam-dunk. The touchdown. The home run. The soccer ball spurting on a projectile toward the yielding, womblike net. Sports are filthy.

The superstar athlete's career follows a familiar linear pattern. It begins with training. Then comes competition. Championship. Champagne. Cocaine. Titty bars. Paternity suits. Rehab. Sneaker commercials. Beer commercials. Cancer. Toss in a little rape, and you're set.

Statistically, jocks are four times more likely to rape than non-jocks. On my college campus, the jocks used to huddle together in the recreation areas. They'd grunt, nod, and occasionally point at things. I'm sure that if I gave them a bag of rocks to play with, they would have spent hours beating the rocks together and arranging them in small piles. It didn't take much to keep them amused. That's because most of their brain matter resides in their pants, much like Volkswagens store their engine in the trunk.

Not all jocks are dumb—famous strap-snappers such as Reggie Jackson and Bill Bradley are equally at ease in the locker room or at Mensa Scrabble tournaments—

but most athletes tend to be less intelligent than the tobacco juice they spit onto the Astro turf.

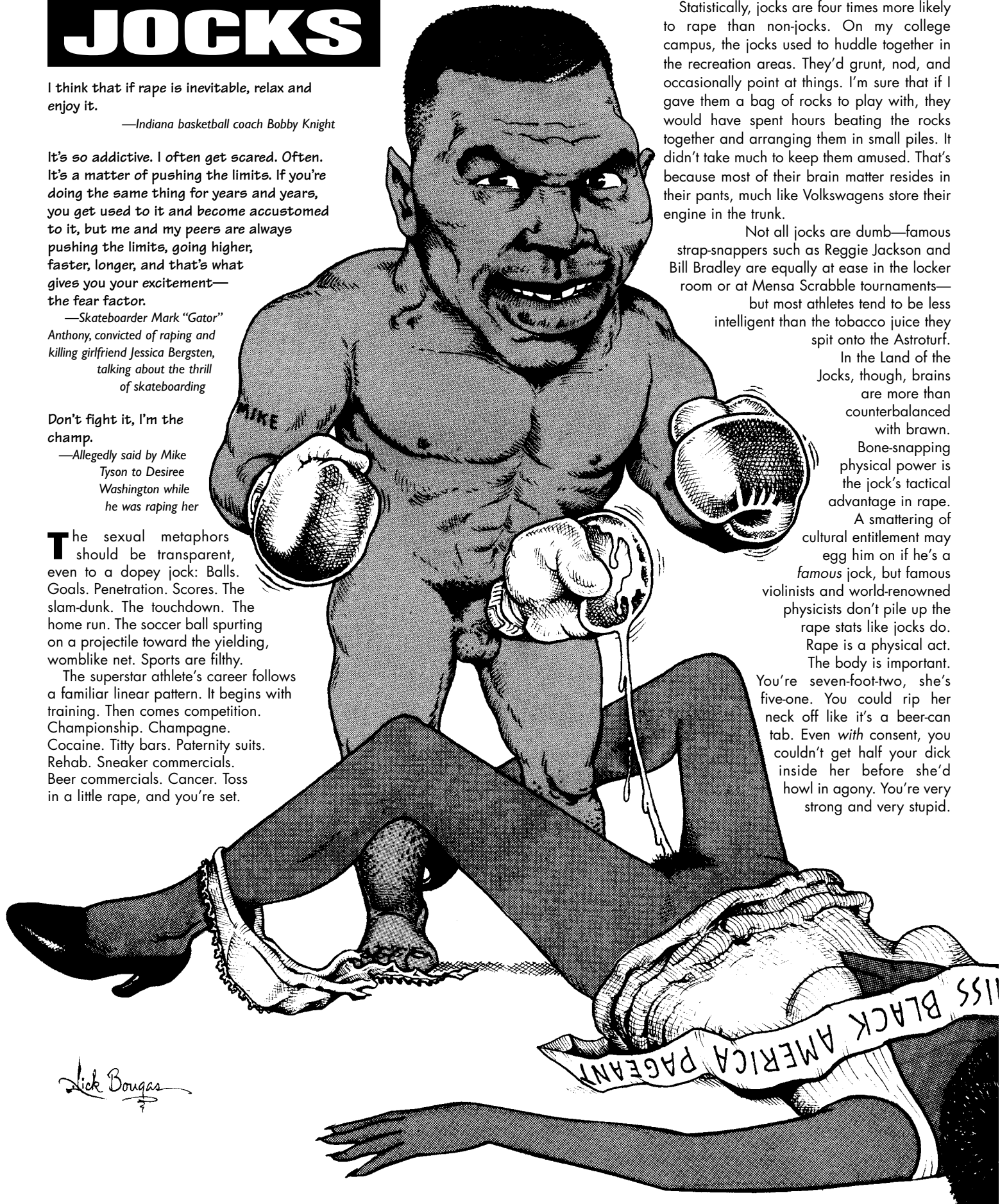
In the Land of the Jocks, though, brains are more than counterbalanced with brawn.

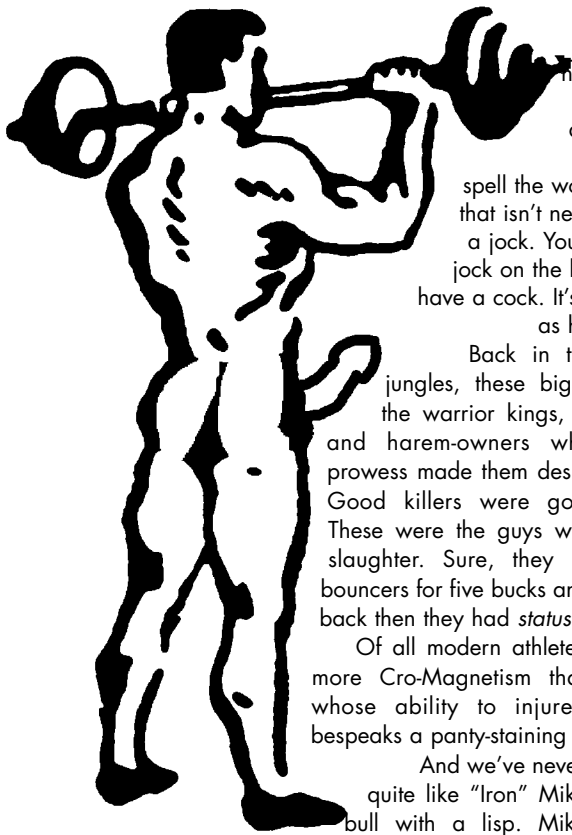
Bone-snapping physical power is the jock's tactical advantage in rape.

A smattering of cultural entitlement may egg him on if he's a famous jock, but famous violinists and world-renowned physicists don't pile up the rape stats like jocks do.

Rape is a physical act. The body is important.

You're seven-foot-two, she's five-one. You could rip her neck off like it's a beer-can tab. Even with consent, you couldn't get half your dick inside her before she'd howl in agony. You're very strong and very stupid.





You can't sign
your own
name. You can't
read your
driver's license.

You can't even
spell the word "rape," but
that isn't necessary. You're
a jock. You're the biggest
jock on the block. And you
have a cock. It's a jock's cock,
as hard as a rock.

Back in the caves and
jungles, these big galoots were
the warrior kings, the ass-kickers
and harem-owners whose physical
prowess made them desirable hubbies.
Good killers were good providers.
These were the guys who excelled at
slaughter. Sure, they may work as
bouncers for five bucks an hour now, but
back then they had *status*.

Of all modern athletes, no one has
more Cro-Magnetism than the boxer,
whose ability to injure other males
bespeaks a panty-staining level of virility.

And we've never seen a boxer
quite like "Iron" Mike Tyson. A pit
bull with a lisp. Mike Tython. His
Gerber-baby, kewpie-doll peep of a
voice. And he could pummel any man in the solar system into a small
mound of shaving cream. He was invincible, both superhuman and
subhuman, Mighty Joe Young with a high-top fade and a gold tooth.

Tyson hammered his way through an electrifyingly violent string of
unbeaten fights in the mid-eighties, his ferocity level more that of a
spree killer than an athlete. It seemed only a matter of time before he
murdered someone in the ring.

Unfortunately, it never happened. Mike's dick got in the way of his
fists. When a bald, overweight bulldog named Buster Douglas beat
Tyson in Japan, everyone knew Mike's heart wasn't in the fight. It
was somewhere elth. He wath having problemth with girthlth.

Mike Tyson had emerged from the shit-covered streets of
Brownsville, New York, where he'd been a member of a gang called
the Jolly Stompers, to become the world heavyweight champion. A
chocolate-coated troll doll named Don King saw it as a typical
American rags-to-riches saga: "Mike Tyson has come around 180°,
and that's the triangle of American life," said the world's wealthiest
murderer-cum-Buckwheat-impersonator.

Soon after Tyson became champ, King became his manager and
witnessed him circling the rest of the triangle. And it was a model
American success story, replete with mansions, race cars, sexual
harassment, and forced intercourse. Manifesting the jock rapist's
inability to distinguish between "scoring" in and out of the sports
arena, Tyson rhapsodized about treating his lovers as if they were
boxing opponents: "I like to hurt women when I make love to them,"
he said. "I like to hear them scream....It gives me pleasure." He also
claimed that the best punch he ever threw was the one which
sent eyebrow-plucked actress and disposable wife Robin Givens
into a wall.

By 1991, Tyson had foisted his toothy fireplug bulk on so many
unwilling women, he'd earned a reputation as a "serial buttocks
fondler." At the Miss Black America pageant in Indianapolis, Mike
was observed groping asses from Alabama to Wyoming. He
focused his evil leer on Miss Rhode Island, eighteen-year-old Desiree
Washington. At a hundred and five pounds, Desiree weighed less

than half as much as Iron Mike. A Sunday-school teacher and Big
Sister volunteer, Desiree was apparently the only woman on earth
naive enough not to expect sex after being invited to Mike Tyson's
hotel suite. So when Tyson's chitchat abruptly switched from
community service and pet pigeons to "You're turning me on," she
was surprised.

Laughing, Tyson pinned her to the bed. He forced his thick tongue
down her throat, giving her a taste of the champ's legendary
halitosis. She tried to resist, "but it was like hitting a wall." Tyson kept
coming. "Don't fight me, mommy," he told her. When he finally
penetrated her, the pain "was just excruciating," Desiree recalled.
After popping off, Tyson asked, "Don't you love me now?" She
didn't. She was sobbing. "You're just a crybaby," Tyson said. "You're
just crying because I'm big."

Yes, the triangle had come full-circle since 1986, when Tyson
knocked out Trevor Berbick to become the youngest heavyweight
champ ever. He had gone from criminal to hero, and back to
Palookaville again. Less than a month after Tyson's conviction, his
vanquished foe Berbick received a four-year sentence for raping a
baby-sitter. Boxers are so sexy.

But they don't own exclusive rights to the jock-rape fiefdom.
A slight sniff of the sports pages will yield the piercing liniment smell
of rapist linebackers. And rapist point guards. And rapist shortstops.
In fact, most rapist jocks tend to participate in team sports. Solo
practitioners of nonviolent sports are statistically less likely to rape.
That isn't to say you won't find the occasional track-star rapist.
Or rapist bowler. Even skateboarders can get caught up in the
drive to win.

When Mark Rogowski decided his real name didn't have the
proper competitive ring to it, he changed it to Mark "Gator"
Anthony. An alligator. A predator. He told reporters that skate-
boarding was "a real productive way of venting some way-harsh
aggressions. Instead of breaking a bottle and slashing somebody's
face, you're throwing yourself at a wall with sweat dripping in your
eyes." It was this borderline-psychotic drive which propelled Gator
into skateboarding's elite, with all the kneepad endorsements and
eager beach bunnies such status implies.

It was that same testosterone-sparked drive which led Gator to
sneak behind his girlfriend Jessica Bergsten and clunk her brutally in
the skull with The Club™ steering-wheel lock. As the blood saturated
Jessica's hair and clothes, Gator cuffed her and hauled her up to his
bedroom. While Jessica screamed, Gator handcuffed her to the bed,
stripped her naked, and fucked her for at least two hours. Still, the
bitch wouldn't admit defeat. Gator crammed her inside a surfboard
cover and choked her to death with his hands. A few hours later, he
buried her nude body in the desert sand. Having wasted years
scraping his kneecaps against empty swimming pools, Gator had
finally pushed the limits. The score: Gator-1, Jessica-0.

Women. Money. Power. Rape. The breakfast of champions. ■





THE GANGBANG

There has never been a single case, in all the gang rapes we've seen, where one man tried to stop it.

—Gail Arbanel, director of Santa Monica (CA) Hospital's Rape Treatment Center

Violence! If you're not going to do it, don't come.

—Allegedly shouted by one of thirty-three "wilding" youths as they entered Central Park on April 19, 1989

Go for it! Go for it!

—Reportedly chanted by onlookers at Big Dan's Tavern, New Bedford, MA, in 1983 as a woman was being gang-raped on a pool table

Save some for me.

—Statement attributed to Corando Perez, the second-in-line of eleven men charged with gang-raping a woman outside a 1988 Texas cockfight

Oh, the boys never meant any harm against the girls. They only wanted to rape them.

—Joyce Kithira, deputy principal of Kenya's St. Kizito Secondary School, after seventy-one girls were raped and nineteen killed in a schoolboy party raid

You spin around and see nothing but male faces. Eight or ten of them. And they're laughing. At you. At what they're going to do to you. And how they're going to stuff a barbell up your ass. They'll sing funny songs, too. This is truly the funniest thing they've ever seen.

See all the orbs of white fluid sailing through the air? Hitting you on the cheek, on the thigh, in your mouth, and—OOPS!—right in the eye? The men are laughing even louder now. Why can't you laugh with them? Don't you have a sense of humor? You're really uptight. Can't you see how you excite them? Enjoy the attention while you're young, honey.

They're just being boys, and you'd be happier if you just acted like a girl—close your eyes, shut your mouth, and loosen up down there, 'cause we got a great big convoy comin' through.

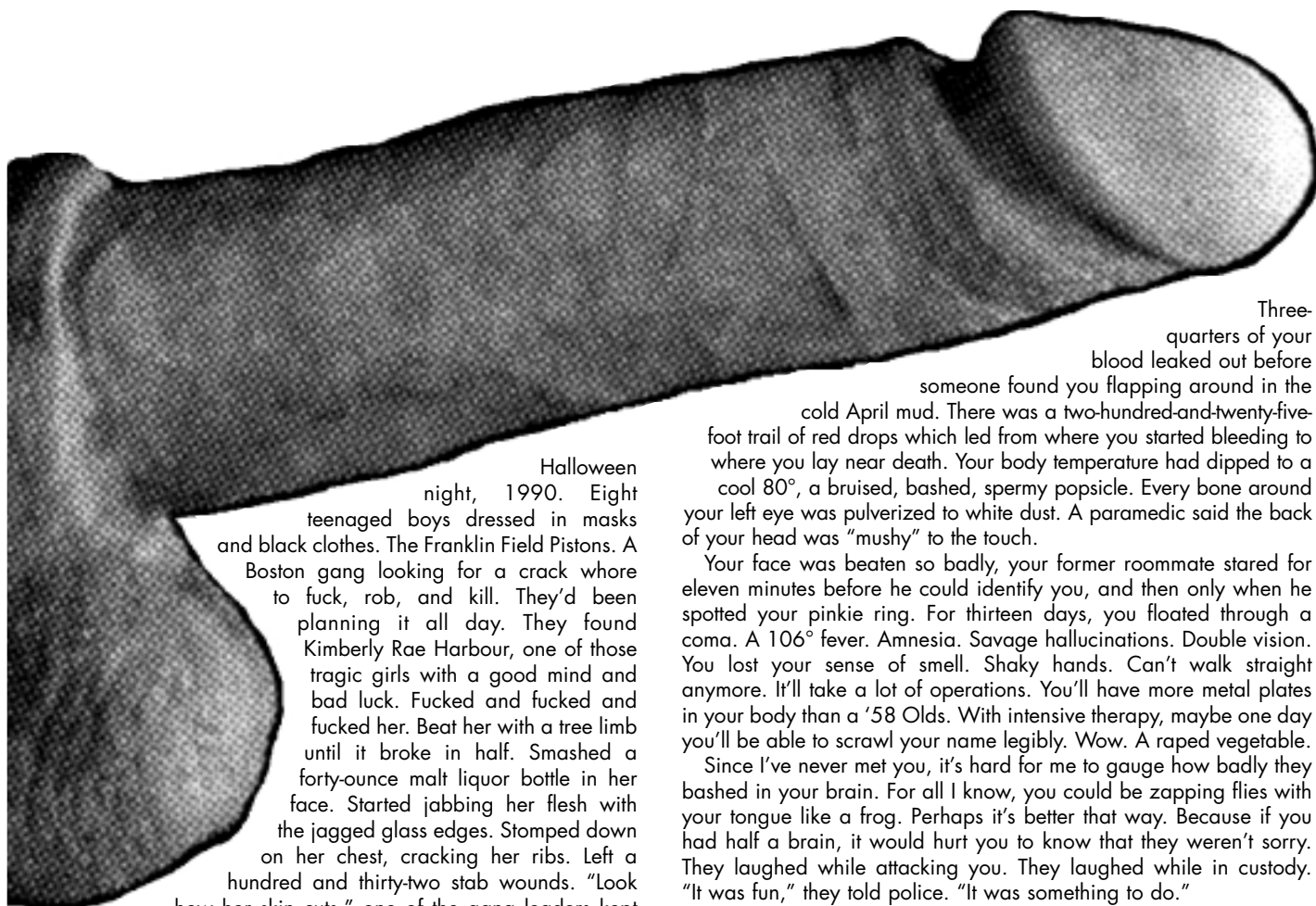
Fat dicks. Dicks which taper at the end like carrots. Mushroom-cap dicks. Dicks that veer to the left and right. Uncircumcised burrito dicks with the enchanting fragrance of smegma. Dicks both veiny and smooth, dry and slimy. Brown dicks. Pink dicks. Purple dicks. Yellow dicks. And only one waitress to serve the whole coffee shop.

Crowds think differently than individuals do. See the swarthy little guy in the corner there, with the four-inch snub-nosed prick and the wild smile? He was the fourth—and the eleventh—one to fuck you tonight. He's very shy out in the real world. Opens doors for ladies. His boss and wife scream at him. Visits his mother

every Sunday. Without his buddies around, he wouldn't have slapped you like that. He wouldn't have called you dirty names or pissed in your hair. And the skinny man over near the window—I think he was number seven or eight—didn't fuck you at all. Too nervous to get hard, too frightened to let his friends know. So he just did push-ups between your legs for two-and-a-half minutes, pretending to rape you.

But your cunt was so swollen after a while, none of them were able to fuck you anyway. Having sucked out all the pulp, they'll toss you to the ground like a used melon skin. And they'll still be laughing as they walk away together.

It's the buddy system. Woof, woof. Pump your fist. Gimme five. Gang rape has more to do with the gang than with the rape. It's more male-bonding than female-bashing. If they weren't flaying your pussy into bloody strips, they'd be playing football. Or going to war. Or drag-racing. The significant point is that they're doing it together. Running in a pack, big dogs and little dogs, leaders and followers.



Halloween night, 1990. Eight teenaged boys dressed in masks and black clothes. The Franklin Field Pistons. A Boston gang looking for a crack whore to fuck, rob, and kill. They'd been planning it all day. They found Kimberly Rae Harbour, one of those tragic girls with a good mind and bad luck. Fucked and fucked and fucked her. Beat her with a tree limb until it broke in half. Smashed a forty-ounce malt liquor bottle in her face. Started jabbing her flesh with the jagged glass edges. Stomped down on her chest, cracking her ribs. Left a hundred and thirty-two stab wounds. "Look how her skin cuts," one of the gang leaders kept muttering. Eight boys kicked and fucked Kimberly's naked body as she pleaded for mercy. As a crowning touch, the ringleader stepped down on her neck as Kimberly jerked with involuntary agony. She eventually bled to death. When her body was found, it contained only two ounces of blood.

Back in the projects, the Pistons boasted of what they'd done. Laughed about the dollar they'd stolen from her. When they were arrested and tried for murder, they seemed surprised about all the fuss. It was merely a diversion for some boys who'd grown bored with drinking beer all day. "There was nothing to do," explained one Piston, "and so, I guess, we had the impression of going out to the field and kill [sic] somebody."

Different city, different dogs. You can hear them breathing behind the bushes. A dozen or so teenagers from the north side of Central Park. The dark, poor, forgotten side of Central Park. They've decided to be wild tonight. Wild steam rises from those bushes. And you, a rich white investment-banker bitch jogger, bob up and down this lonely roadway. They pull you by your hundred-dollar tennis shoes down a hill and into the woods. Gag your mouth and tie your hands with strips from your designer sweat shirt. Slap your little Sandy Duncan titties around. Then comes a LEAD PIPE. A brick, too, and a big old rock. And a knife. And twelve hard dicks. They'll kick your ribs and stab your face and CRACK your fucking skull. With your arms pinned to the ground, another SMACK with that rock. They're all spinning around on top of your head, and they're laughing. A loud buzz...a soft buzz...and you're out.

Forty minutes of fucking. You'll forget the worst of it. You'll forget all of it. You'll be too brain-damaged to remember. Just so you know, at least four of them got inside of you, either the pussy or ass. Doctors scraped about a half-teaspoon of cum out of your snatch, which ain't no great shakes. But you weren't able to identify anybody. That rock made you permanently stupid.

Three-quarters of your blood leaked out before someone found you flapping around in the cold April mud. There was a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot trail of red drops which led from where you started bleeding to where you lay near death. Your body temperature had dipped to a cool 80°, a bruised, bashed, spermy popsicle. Every bone around your left eye was pulverized to white dust. A paramedic said the back of your head was "mushy" to the touch.

Your face was beaten so badly, your former roommate stared for eleven minutes before he could identify you, and then only when he spotted your pinkie ring. For thirteen days, you floated through a coma. A 106° fever. Amnesia. Savage hallucinations. Double vision. You lost your sense of smell. Shaky hands. Can't walk straight anymore. It'll take a lot of operations. You'll have more metal plates in your body than a '58 Olds. With intensive therapy, maybe one day you'll be able to scrawl your name legibly. Wow. A raped vegetable.

Since I've never met you, it's hard for me to gauge how badly they bashed in your brain. For all I know, you could be zapping flies with your tongue like a frog. Perhaps it's better that way. Because if you had half a brain, it would hurt you to know that they weren't sorry. They laughed while attacking you. They laughed while in custody. "It was fun," they told police. "It was something to do."

Even crueler, they found no shortage of supporters. You were called a whore, a liar, and a dope fiend. They said you hadn't been raped at all, that you were merely an actress hired as part of a government frame-up. They wouldn't even let you have your pain.

Gang rape can be frustrating that way. Men who rape in groups always seem to find more community sympathy than their victims. In 1983, a small, curly-headed canary of a woman named Cheryl Araujo was repeatedly raped by four men on a pool table at Big Dan's Tavern in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The barflies who watched the rape reportedly "kept cheering like it was a baseball game." After Araujo escaped half-naked into the street, the boys all laughed and ordered a round of drinks. They joked about how they stuffed a bottle between her legs and tickled her ass with a straw.

The heavily Portuguese community of New Bedford acted with predictable outrage. It was predictable because it followed the pattern—they blamed the victim. And the media. But not the boys. All of the accused were Portuguese. So was Cheryl Araujo, but she was lost in a swell of nationalism. The fact that "the boys" were accused of rape seemed more of a threat to ethnic pride than the fact that one of their own women had been raped. Angry glares and verbal intimidation drove Cheryl out of New Bedford. In 1986, she crashed into a utility pole in Florida and died. No one in New Bedford seemed to care. It was as if she had been the criminal.

The same attitude dogged Linda Gaitan, who was raped by at least eleven males, many of them childhood friends, outside a cockfight in the chicken-shack town of San Diego, Texas. During what was at least a four-hour train-fuck, townsfolk urged each other to take turns. After most of the older men had blown their salsa, someone brought in two boys, aged fourteen and nine, to view the disaster site. "This is what you can look forward to," somebody told the nine-year-old before tossing him atop Gaitan's bleeding lap. You'd think that this brutal attack on a local woman would have angered the community, and it did. They were angry with the local woman. Gaitan and her family left San Diego after being systematically ostracized from town life.

This propensity to defend the wolf pack was perhaps never illustrated on a grander scale than in 1991 in Kenya, land of female circumcision. It happened at a boarding school. A group of at least forty boys in their mid-teens staged a late-night rape blitzkrieg of female dormitories. In the frantic, Who-concertlike push to escape, nineteen girls suffocated to death. At least seventy-one other girls were taken into nearby fields and raped. Most school officials were incensed. Why did the girls resist? If they hadn't tried to run, they wouldn't have died. The boys only wanted to rape them.

And the boys care much more about impressing each other than whether you live through this. Here's someone to hold your arms. Another to pin down your legs. And this one falls straight down on top of you, blocking the ceiling light. They cheer when you scream.

Tonight they have the numbers, and thus the strength. You don't matter at all. You're simply this evening's entertainment. They pass you around as if you were a joint. So just inhale deeply, relax your muscles down there, and keep taking it, no matter how many are standing in line. Go, baby, go! There's no sense in fighting, because they don't want to hurt you. They only want to rape you. After a while, you won't feel anything. It's nothing against you. In fact, don't flatter yourself. This has nothing to do with you. The boys just wanna have fun. ■

THE SERIAL RAPIST

After your first victim, you want to get another one. Maybe she's better-looking or something like that—the way she walks, the way she smiles and talks or something. It gets easier after the first time. Not only easier, it gets more violent. The second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—if I wouldn't have stopped when I got caught, I probably would have killed one of them.

—“Ray,” quoted in *The Rapist File*

All of a sudden that evil urge, almost like adrenaline, kicked in....I was scared. My heart was beating fast. Adrenaline was pumping through my body. I was sexually aroused because I liked this girl and she was intimidated by me....It was a weird feeling of passion or thrill—that's the word I'm looking for. It was a thrill knowing I was going to get what I desired.

—Gregory Calvin Smith, suspected of raping at least twenty women, describing the 1989 rape-slaying of Ai Toyoshima

For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more...I cannot control myself.

—Chicago sex psycho William Heirens, written in lipstick on the apartment wall of his second murder victim

But what can I do? I know I am sex-crazy.

—Brooklyn auto wrecker Eugene Levine, who in 1942 admitted to assaults on at least eighty-eight women over a four-month run

Press down on the flesh. Squeeze it with your thumb—you can feel the difference. You can measure it. Stroke it. A stiff prick tells no lies. Your cock gets much harder when the other person struggles. Their helplessness excites you. At this stage of the game, you need them to say no. It's in the eyes, the liquid terror in their eyes. The blood rushes to your groin when you see their furry-rabbit fear. Your urges are dangerous. And you'll try to suppress them for a while. But a hard dick eventually gets what it wants.





THE LUST KILLER

I likes to see blood; I might have done more if I had seen enough blood. Then I feel great—I feel like I could tear up anything. I likes women and when I am drunk it makes me worse. I once was in a place where there was a shooting and a police officer was shot and there was blood all over the place. I wanted to go over and wet my shoes and walk in the blood. I likes blood.

—From an interview with an unnamed lust killer,
The Sexual Criminal

If I killed them, you know, they couldn't reject me as a man. I was more or less making a doll out of a human being...and carrying out my fantasies with a doll, a living human doll.

—Unidentified sex killer quoted by
LAPD psychologist Martin Reiser

There is no happiness without death. Beware! I am about to scare you.

—Polish lust murderer Lucian Staniak

The first time was a mistake. Wasn't even a rape. It was a one-night stand with some Middle Eastern club slut. You were stunned by how loudly she howled when you jammed it inside of her. Your surprise quickly melted into pleasure. You *hurt* her, big boy! And you enjoyed her screams. Got hard as a surfboard. Buh-goинggggg! When you finally blew your stack, the cream kept gushing for a full minute. You shook like a freezing infant. Numb for an hour afterwards. You felt as if someone had vacuumed all the tension out of you. Incredible. A whole new level. Like the difference between snorting it and mainlining.

You were immediately faced with two new problems, both of them strategic. Your first obstacle was figuring out how to get another taste. And quick. The second problem was the law. But once you get hooked on the taste, you won't worry so much about the law. You'll be careful for a while, until you lose count.

The dirtiest little secret about rape is that rapists *enjoy* what they do. They come back hundreds of times to do it. They'll surrender everything—family, job, freedom—in order to keep raping. If you were to believe all the PR about rapists being "sick," you'd think they must be in a great deal of pain while raping, as if they were fucking *themselves* in the ass. It just isn't so. They LOVE what they do.

In all senses of the word, the first time is the hardest. You build a tolerance. Kicks don't come easy. The thrill doesn't last forever. There's an ebb and flow, a buildup and release, just like anger, just like "regular" sex. You swore it was the last time, but you know that the feeling is going to seep back into your balls.

It's a level of hunger that's hard to manage. You can't sleep, so you drive your rust bucket out into the pelting rain. This night's no different than any other. You scope out places where women are stupid enough to walk alone. You take note of her hair color, skin texture, the subtle swishing of her ass, and what she'd look like wiggling on the end of your fishing rod. It's hard to breathe with all the steam. The fogged-up windows make it difficult to see. But you rub a small patch clear with your elbow, and she appears like a genie. Not the first or last, merely the latest.

Behind every successful man stands a good woman. And behind every successful rape stands a hard cock. A rocket in the pocket. A fistful of desire. People can rationalize the violence. But they don't like to think about all that pleasure. ■

Here's where all the jokes stop. Even in your laughingstock of a life, there comes a point when it isn't funny anymore. When it isn't cute or hip or postmodern or "shock art." Your pitiable efforts to distance yourself from the subject matter are somehow falling short tonight. Beneath the serial-killer cards and Gacy paintings and rapid-fire knowledge of true-crime ephemera, you really have wondered about it. About actually doing it. It's four-thirty-three a.m., and you're the only person awake on your street. And you're thinking. About killing someone. Not about the body count, or the press coverage, or the letters from groupies, or whether your paintings will be worth more than Manson's, but about the *FEELING*. You wonder how it would feel to kill someone.

But you fall asleep and forget all about it. You're one of the "death pussies." A true-crime fan who desperately needs to be victimized by some true crime. You love to *hear* about violence, hate to commit it. Hate even more to be on the receiving end. Fundamentally, you're frightened. You've measured the blood in gallons and tallied the bodies with a pocket calculator, but somehow the thought of one REAL drop of blood petrifies every fiber in your spine. But it also excites you. And although you love to draw lines, you can't draw a line between where the fear ends and the excitement begins.

You've fetishized what happens on *the other side*. You've made it almost too exciting. Tempting. You'd better be careful. Every volume in your bookcase is about murder. I'll admit you can rattle off statistics and cross-reference crime facts better than I can. You're a pro at it. But it amazes me that in all the years of gleaning information, all the trees which died in order to whet your appetites, you've never stopped for a second to consider *WHY* you're into all of this. Thousands of hours of reading, and not a moment of quiet reflection. Strange.

There is a reason, you know. There's a motive which runs deeper than a mere collector's interest. And there will come a time, like it or not, when the peephole will shut on you. You'll find it impossible to

continue being a spectator. And you'll be faced with two choices, each one involving surrender. You'll either say what you've always said—that cunt-mutilation and baby-rape are horrible things—but since you finally realize that they're also very *real* things, beyond mere consumerist Generation X brain-freeze, you'll have to pack it in and go back to rock 'n' roll, where it's safe. On the other hand, you might accept that violence is one of your hungers, different from food and sex only in the risks entailed. The risks are astronomically greater. But you can't help wondering—is the pleasure that much greater, too? As with food and sex, reading about it is never as much fun as doing it...

Only one way to stop her from screaming. Most often, you'll want to choke her. That's usually how it goes. You're touching her. Your fingers can feel the tautness, the struggle in her neck muscles. You can watch her every facial tic as she goes down...down. You wouldn't believe the thrill. Just the look on her dead face will have you gumming up your undies. It's as easy as cracking your knuckles. Thumbs down on her windpipe. Will she die first, or will you cum first? Hey—it's a photo finish! Your thick ox-cock spurts Cremora just as her face turns blue. You hear the familiar crunch of a collapsing larynx right at the moment you shoot applesauce all over her belly. You're satisfied. So is she. Her face looks so pretty. Like a sculpture. Tension-free.

The angel inside her has flown away. She's so fucking relaxed, she shit herself.

Now it's time for arts and crafts. She was dead after you choked her, so the hundred and sixty-three knife thrusts which followed were gravy. You carved graffiti into her skin: CUNT...WASH ME...WAVE BYE-BYE. You pounded her face into bloody slush. Mashed her cunt into hamburger with a pair of scissors. Bit and chewed her ears. Fucked her headless body. Fucked her head. Fucked the hole where her head used to be. Scooped out her intestines and strung them around the room like Christmas decorations. By the time you left, she looked like a Jackson Pollock canvas. The poor guy at the funeral home is gonna charge extra for this one.

All you have to do is make a wish.

Gregory Dale Donaldson, a short-order cook from Orange Park, Florida, collected skanky porn and read about all the famous serial killers. After a while, he found the words and pictures too impersonal. Unsatisfying. He started writing poems and short stories about his fantasies, which veered toward the brutal end of the spectrum. He did etchings of headless women, one of which he called "Lust-Murder." He wanted to do everything to his victims—fuck, torture, kill, eat, and drink them.

But the fantasies only went so far, so Donaldson sketched out a plan of action. He compiled a "top-ten list" of women he wanted

to kill. Kept notes about an estimated fifteen to twenty ladies he was tracking. Mapped out a blueprint of how he'd murder someone. Wrote a three-page laundry list of the materials he'd need to do the job right—cleaning fluids, shovels, gloves, etc. While Donaldson was shopping for these items, police working on a tip arrested him in 1993.

He never got a chance to rape or kill anyone. One day, maybe you'll be luckier than he was. And don't tell me you haven't thought about it.

People who say rape is worse than murder have never been murdered. The act of murder, like the act of rape, is propelled by libidinal energy. Murder is essentially sexual, whether or not any literal sex occurred during the act.

But you, a death pussy, draw a line between murder and rape. Murder's cool, rape isn't. Why? Because you don't want to offend that bitch you call a girlfriend? Because the body of a raped woman is more sacred than that of a murdered man? WHY? Tell me—I'd really like to know. I don't think you can answer me.

You may not always have a gun nearby, but that dick will never desert you. You can kill someone anonymously, but you can't fuck them anonymously. You were born with the weapon. You just haven't used it yet. But every time a rape occurs, you are subtly implicated. It's guilt by association. Rape is more human than murder. More immediate. As close as your scrotum. ■

